

MEMENTO MORI

A N
E L E G Y

On the Death of
JAMES HOARE, Esq;
Master Controller of his Majesty's Mint at the Tower,
Who departed this Life *November the 24th, 1696.*

HARK now, methinks I hear a dismal Cry,
As if some fatal Tragedy drew nigh:
Alas, What means this tingling in my Ears
These doleful Sounds, that fill my Breast with Cares.
The fatal *Omen* must pretend some Ill;
Surely some sacred Saint to Day is fell.

Alas! It is too True, the worthy *Hoare*,
This Day has lanch'd Eternity's wide Shore,
Never to rise, till Time shall be no more:
Oh! How cou'd he so soon bequeath his Breath,
Without a *Comet* to pretend his Death.

Yet so it is, Fate often proves unkind,
To take the Best, and leave the Worst behind.
Let us then mourn in *Eleagic* Verse,
And weep in Brine ore his renowned *Herse*:
For *Death*, his most Tyrannick Force imparts,
That we with melting Grief may break our *Hearts*.
Oh! Let this Melancholy Hour be
Griefs everlasting Day of Jubilee:
For he is gone untimely ravish'd hence,
Who liv'd in Love, and dy'd in Innocence:
Admir'd and belov'd by all Man-kind,
The poor Man's Father, and the rich Man's Friend.
Great was his Worth, but his Compassion more,
Dispensing liberally to the Poor,
A sort of daily Pension from his Store:
Nor was his Vertues only here confin'd,
For large was the Endowments of his Mind:
Stade in his Judgment, and approv'd in Sence,
Fit for the Service of so great a Prince.

Stay daring *Muse*, Oh! whither wilt thou fly,
Alas thou canst not reach his Piety,
He was so Great, so Good, and yet he fell:
Thus dy'd that worthy Saint who liv'd so well.

Weep! wring your Hands, and bitterly Lament,
The Fall of this departed Innocent;
And let your mournful Accents upwards fly,
And with repeated Terror rend the Sky:
Mourn as that Prophet mourn'd when *Saul* did lay,
Weltring in Gore on the Mount *Gilboa*;
Or as that doleful Lamentation fell,
In *Agamemnon*'s melancholy Vale.
Yet hold my *Muse*, forbear thy melting Tears,
Alas! He's fled above the reach of Cares;
Whose pious Shade with singing Cherubs ly's,
Repos'd in everlasting Paradise,
Where joyful Hims to their God they sing,
And praise the Name of Heaven's Almighty King.

Crown'd with the fearful Labours of his Life,
He's exil'd from a wretched World of Grief,
To Life for ever in that bright abroad,
Prepar'd to entertain the Just and Good.

E P E T A P H.

Within this dark and gloomy Monument,
Behold there lys the Relicks of a Saint:
Who left these fading Glories, to possess
An everlasting Seat of Happiness.
When in this moving World he liv'd, his Life
Was free from Broyls and vain tumultuous Strife.
In Deeds of Charity he did excel,
And took his chief Delight in doing well.
So here he liv'd belov'd, and at his Fall,
He dy'd lamented and bewail'd of all.